

## PEOPLE and EVENTS

Seen, Heard and Done Among Those Who Go, Come and Tarry—Women and Society, Here and Elsewhere.

BY MISS E. NELLIE BECK.  
Telephone 669.

### DELIGHTFUL MEETING.

The Nomads held a very interesting meeting with Mrs. L. S. Reeves in her new residence on North Barcelona.

A very fine paper on "Normandy and the Normans," written by Miss Crowell, who is visiting in Montreal, Canada, was charmingly read by Mrs. S. R. Mallory Kennedy.

"William, the Conqueror," was the subject of Mrs. John S. Beard's paper, which was greatly enjoyed, as was the reading by Mrs. Philip Hannah on "Matilda, Queen consort of William the Conqueror."

Each paper inspired a lively and interesting discussion and the whole meeting was quite an enjoyable success.

### THE LIBRARY EUCHE

A GREAT SUCCESS.

The euche held in Library Hall last evening was a lovely affair, and beautifully arranged, everything passing off as smoothly as in a private residence, which is due to the committee of which Mrs. W. K. Hyer, Jr., was chairman.

Associated on the committee with Mrs. Hyer were Mrs. John B. Jones, Mrs. Scarritt Moreno, Mrs. W. R. Gonzalez, Mrs. C. F. Zeek, Mrs. Morris Bear, Mrs. Louis Friedman, Mrs. Sol Cahn and the librarian, Miss Lottie Flinn.

There were nine tables of six hand euche, and the ladies, beautifully gown, made a charming and animated picture in the softly shaded gas lights.

The prizes were very handsome. The first, a Limoges China ice cream set of large and small dishes, was won by Miss Ruby Wilson.

The second prize, a set of bread and butter plates, went to Mrs. T. F. McGourin.

The consolation, a cunning little "Second Fiddler," bearing the legend "I can play this," created not a little envy, it was so "perfectly dear."

Delightful salads, wafers and coffee were served, and a very satisfactory sum was realized for the Library.

DR. WILLINGHAM COMING.

Rev. Dr. Willingham, corresponding secretary of the Baptist Foreign Mission board, is expected to arrive in this city Monday, February 6, and will preach in the First Baptist church that night.

Dr. Willingham is a man of national reputation and one of the most distinguished preachers in the Baptist

denomination. He is a deeply consecrated man and it is well worth anyone's while to hear him.

Dr. Willingham is a cousin of the noted foreign missionary, W. W. Lawton, and is the father of Rev. Calder Willingham, the missionary to Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. McGourin entertained handsomely at a small dinner Monday evening. Their guests were Chaplain Perry of Fort Barrancas, Mrs. Perry and their attractive daughter, Miss Grace Perry; Lieutenant Meyer and Miss Meyer of Ft. McRae.

Mrs. John C. Avery and Mr. Clarence R. Avery will arrive in the city on Tuesday en route to Athens to attend the Hart-Avery wedding—Atlanta News.

Miss Evelyn Forest has returned from a very pleasant visit to friends and relatives on Perdido bay and has Miss Grace Durant, of Fisherville, as her guest this week.

Miss W. W. Bettsworth is visiting her parents in Gulf City, where Miss S. M. Bettsworth spent Sunday.

The many friends of Mrs. Frederic Jones, wife of the pastor of the First Baptist Church, will be pleased to learn that she is improving, but has been confined to her room for ten days past, in her home on North Palafox street.

Mrs. W. D. Chipley left Tuesday morning for Atlanta to be away for about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Westmark, of 102 East Belmont street, are the parents of a baby boy born yesterday morning.

### AMUSEMENTS.

#### CRESTON CLARKE.

Some idea regarding the magnitude of Creston Clarke's production of Booth Tarkington's clever "Monsieur Beaucaire" may be gained from the fact that only the bare walls of the play house are necessary in order to make the production, as every particle of scenery employed has been provided for on a scale of unusual elaboration.



The costume too, is said to leave nothing to be desired towards brilliancy and effectiveness and being in touch with the atmosphere of the play the scenes and incidents of which are laid in Bath, the famous English watering resort, the whole affair has a marked tendency towards real picturesqueness.

Jules Murry, Mr. Clarke's manager, from all accounts has been most lavish in every direction towards insuring for the dramatization of this delightful comedy romance such settings as cannot fail to elicit the very highest commendation from theatre patrons who are accustomed to seeing big productions.

One of the most beautiful features in connection with the superb production of "Monsieur Beaucaire" is the adaptation from Booth Tarkington's famous novel, as being presented by Creston Clarke and his distinguished company of players, is the stately minuet which is musically presided over by a conductor, especially engaged for that purpose, and whose functions in the orchestra pit are confined to the minuet alone.

"Cure the cough and save the life." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs and colds, down to the very verge of consumption.

NEW BRANCH SINGER STORE.

For the convenience of the public Singer sewing Machine Co. has opened a branch store in the Friedrichsen (Tailor) store, 34 S. Palafox street. Oils, needles and repairs for all make of machines. Machines rented or sold on small weekly or monthly payments.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO., C. N. MANNING, Man'gr. Phone 91. Gadsden street office; 77 Branch office.

### EXCURSION.

Capt. Bennie Edmundson wishes to state that he will run cheap excursions Wednesday to the Gulf beach and Life Saving Station, and will run around Fort Pickens and Fort Barrancas and the Navy Yard. Boats leave at 10 o'clock in the morning and 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Fare, 50 cents round trip. Phone 204. Berth

## THE JOURNAL'S DAILY SHORT STORY

### THE FORBIDDEN PATH

BY IZOLA FORRESTER.

Copyright 1904, by Izola Forrester.

"It's a perfect shame. Look at that lawn! Cut right straight across from the lilacs to the sidewalk, as if we kept a little chain gang of elephants trotting over it. I won't have it. Nell! I'll turn the hose on those boys!"

"Don't jabber over it, Kit. You'll only get all red and warm and fussy, and some one may hear you."

Kit scowled defiantly at the broad bay window of the house next door. The shades were lowered and the blinds half closed. On one window sill a plump tortoise shell cat dozed comfortably. Peace evidently reigned within, and it was the habitation of the enemy.

"I don't care who hears me. Whoever hears"—Kit raised her voice ever so little, just enough to carry over the tortoise shell cat. "They must know all about it anyway. How would they like it if we trampled paths all over their lawn day and night?"

"There comes one of them," Nell paused in her sweeping on the little vine covered porch and waited anxiously. "Now, don't be huffy, sis."

Kit sat immovable in the dandelion starred grass and watched the coming boy with disapproving, menacing eyes. He was rather a nice boy to look at, too, somewhere around fifteen, and he whistled as he came along the sidewalk in front of the Norton cottage.

There was a break in the low box hedge, made by vandals, but this vandal disdained it and added insult to injury by jumping over the hedge and boldly starting across the path.

"How do, Miss Norton?" he called cheerily. "Pretty hot today, isn't it?"

"Say, Dick McLean, we don't want you three boys tramping over our lawn." Kit spoke with dignity and severity. "It makes a regular beaten path all the way to your lilacs, and I think you could use your own lawn if you want to make a checkerboard on the grass."

Dick halted midway on the forbidden way and looked at its undeviating course of barrenness with interest.

"It does look queer," he said. "I'm awfully sorry we did it. When old Mrs. Tisdale lived here she didn't give a rap about it. It wasn't a lawn then. She just hung up her wash here, and she kept chickens too."

"Well, we don't," retorted Kit most ungraciously. "Ever since we moved here I've been trying to coax a real croquet lawn out of a wilderness of chickweed and plantain. We only had the hedge put in as a gentle hint to our neighbors."

"You mean us, don't you?" Dick smiled down on her good naturedly.

"Yes, I do," granted Kit, "because it really was all the fault of you boys, and you don't care. You even jump right over the hedge."

Dick got over on his own side hastily. "Well, I'm sorry I jumped, Miss Norton," he said contritely. "And I'll tell the other boys to keep off too. Goodbye."

Kit's curly head nodded an unwilling response as she bent over the pansy bed again.

"He heard every word," Nell sat down on the top step and laughed.

"How do you know?"

"The cat went indoors, and she never does unless he is at the desk."

Kit gave a smothered exclamation and sat up, but before she could speak there was the sound of a fall at the barbed wire guard, and the girls rose with frightened, yet half laughing, faces.

"Hello!" called Kit gently. "Are you hurt?"

There was no response for a minute, then some one answered in a strange voice:

"I beg your pardon, but would you mind ringing our bell and calling the boys? My foot is twisted, and I cannot stand up."

An hour later Kit stood guiltily at the head of the steps as her mother and Nell came slowly from the house next door.

"Will he be sick long?"

"About a month before he can walk," said Mrs. Norton. "It is too bad. And he is a very delightful person to meet; not at all eccentric. He takes the blame entirely and says he is worse than the boys and that we were perfectly right in putting up the wire."

"That's what he said to you, mother, darling," interposed Nell disconsolately. "He probably thinks that Kit and I are heathens."

"Barbarous heathens," Kit smiled wickedly.

"This is far from being a joke, Katherine," said Mrs. Norton. "I am afraid you must both do penance by being as kind as possible. Of course he is a—"

"Crank?"

"A celebrity," corrected her mother. "We may find him odd, but after this misfortune we must do our best to make him comfortable. I told him we would take turns in bringing him flowers."

"Well, I won't, mother," said Kit flatly. "I'm sorry he hurt himself, but I'm not a bit sorry I put up the fence, and I don't want to be forgiven."

In the days that followed they could see the strong, patient figure sitting in the shady corner of the veranda next door. Nell carried the first proprietary bunch of roses over to the enemy's country. She brought back a good report, and after a week of disinterested indifference Kit suddenly announced her intention of being flower bearer to his majesty. She found him a totally disabled, rather sarcastic majesty.

"So you're the young woman who set the trap, are you, Miss Kit? And you're not a bit sorry?"

"I'm sorry I came over to see you," Kit stood erect, very haughty, very sweet and very young. "I only brought the flowers."

"And you didn't expect to be scolded?" She knew he was laughing at her. "Please sit down. Don't you know I've been hoping every day to have you visit me and beg my pardon?"

There was a pause, and the pansies suffered from too rigorous treatment. "Well, I don't care if he did," said Kit finally, but her tone was kinder. "If they don't stop it I'll put up barbed wire."

It was not an idle threat, though it needed provocation to carry it out. Two days later, just at noon, a happy, leisurely procession passed over the lawn. Even Dick, the traitor, was leading and whistling in sweet forgetfulness, with a baseball bat over his shoulder. Kit said nothing. The point had arrived where mere wrath was futile. Early on Saturday morning she superintended the placing of her outposts of defense, and by the time that the boys appeared a neat array of barbed wire strands were stretched along beside the hedge.

"It's all right for the boys," said Nell critically. "But what if Mr. McLean—"

"If he can't make his little brothers believe, then we will let's had enough living next door to a perfect old crank, on your summer vacation anyway, without being on intimate terms with him. Even another says he's eccentric, and that means crank."

"He doesn't look like one."

"Well, he is, all the same. All writers are cranks, and the more successful they get the crankier they are, so Mr. Kirke Ross McLean must be a terror. And he doesn't write books, either; not real books. He only travels and writes; doesn't make up a thing out of his own head."

Nell did not answer. She was looking over at the cool, darkened bay window and thinking of the figure beyond the tortoise shell cat, a figure that, sitting at the broad, flat top desk near the window, sometimes turned to gaze over the hedge where the pansies grew and the croquet balls clicked.

"Just you wait," said Kit, following her glance. "Some day those boys will forget and take a run over that path and tumble in the wire, and we'll see a double twister turned."

Sunday evening supper was a matter of individual vagary and caprice so far as the Norton family was concerned. Molly went home after dinner, Mrs. Norton went upstairs for a cozy nap about twilight, and the girls usually took iced tea and salad sandwiches out on the porch, where they could lie in the hammocks, a book in one hand and a sandwich in the other, safely screened from prying eyes by the wisteria vines. The Sunday following the putting up of the wire the hammocks were occupied, when some one came along the sidewalk with a quick, firm tread and deliberately walked through the broken place in the hedge and across the path.

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met his eyes defiantly. "You hadn't the least right to cross there, only—I meant it for the boys, of course." Her glance fell to his swathed foot. "I'm sorry you were hurt."

"That will do very well." He was laughing openly now. "It covers the personal side for me, you see. You're not sorry you hurt me, but you're sorry I'm hurt. Please sit down and talk to a fellow, won't you?"

Kit hesitated, flushed warmly under his teasing gaze and took a seat on the hickory settee.

Four weeks later McLean took his first walk. It was a slow, tedious one from the veranda to the hedge.

"I came halfway for my roses today," he said to the figure in white beside the rosebushes. "May I come over the hedge?"

Kit did not even turn her head. "Are you angry?" His voice was low and eager. "After last evening I was afraid you might not come again, Kit."

She turned and walked toward him slowly, the bunch of roses held close to her face. At the hedge she looked up at him, and the merriment had died from her eyes.

"I was just coming," she said softly. His hands closed over those that held the roses.

"To say 'Yes, sweetheart?'"

"Look out for the barbed wire, Mr. McLean," called Nell from the sitting room window. "Kit still guards her forbidden path."

"All wires down!" called McLean. "It's the path of roses now. I claim the right of way."

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The Hangman's Stone.

There is a large boulder lying in a field near Foremark, England, which is known throughout Derbyshire as "hangman's stone." The exposed portion of the boulder rises about six feet above the surface of the surrounding field and has a narrow ditch or indentation running across the top. The mark, so tradition says, was made in this way: A sheep thief in the dead of night, while leaning against the boulder to rest, placed his body above on the flat surface of the stone. The man had the sheep tied with a rope, and in its effort to escape the creature slipped on the opposite side, and the rope, catching under the thief's chin, choked him to death. The indentation in the rock was made by the friction of the rope while the dying man was engaged in an effort to extricate himself.

Why It Is Pleasant.

"Old Hunks is one of the crankiest and most disagreeable men I ever met, but they say he has a delightful home."

"Well, it's true. He spends three-fourths of his time away from it."—Exchange.

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